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No. 18.



BUNYAN'S BIRTH-PLACE, AT ELSTOW.

THIS engraving is copied from an old print, and gives a view of the house in which John Bunyan was born, as it was before the alterations which since have been made in it. It is now described as "somewhat modernized, by recent repairs."

Several other memorials of him have been preserved, beside his works—the most valuable and enduring of them all, and those from which the others derive their interest. His *Pulpit Bible* is in possession of the family of the late Mr. Whitbread, member of parliament, whose admiration of Bunyan's works led him to use great exertions for the preservation of everything relating to him. His copy of the "Book of the Martyrs," in three volumes folio, has been recovered; his Vestry Chair, his walking stick (called the Pilgrim's staff), and one of the pulpits in which he used to preach, are all preserved.

This extraordinary writer was born in this humble cottage, in the village of Elstow, near Bedford, in England, in the year 1628. Probably most of his readers, (and how many

millions have they been!) associate his birth, as well as his early life, with the latter place, because it is so frequently mentioned as his residence. Indeed there is but the short distance of a mile between the two, and the latter is a large town, of much greater consequence and notoriety.

Of his family and childhood little is known, beyond what he tells us: "My descent," he says, "was of a low and inconsiderable generation, my father's house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families in the land." His father, it appears, was a tinker; but not so poor as to be an itinerant, for he had a fixed habitation; and his character is said to have been respectable for honesty. The son, however, early fell into bad company, and became a little reprobate; yet, as he tells us, he was often stung, by the reproofs of his conscience, almost to desperation. After a long and painful struggle, between bad inclinations, bad habits, and evil examples, on the one side, and the occasional instructions and reproofs which he

met with on the other, his character became wonderfully changed, and he devoted the remainder of his life to the then dangerous, as well as arduous task of a dissenting preacher.

Many details of his mental sufferings during that period of darkness are given by himself, in his own simple but forcible style; and probably no person, of any age, ever read them without being deeply impressed. The secret of the almost unequalled popularity of his writings is, that he has depicted, in simple language and in detail, mental exercises much like those which every person has experienced. We have only room enough to allude to that portion of his life, and to refer the reader to Bunyan's Autobiography, and the various works relating to him. Southey has published a large book, comprising all that he was able to glean concerning this distinguished author, which would have been more interesting and valuable if he had felt more like him. We have perused with pleasure his "Life, by Stephen B. Wickens," published at "The Methodist Book Concern" in this city, a small but well written and comprehensive volume, adapted to Sabbath Schools and family libraries, which contains, in a short compass, a large part of those facts which an admirer of Bunyan would be most likely to desire, after reading his common writings.

The preface of this book remarks, that the work which "has supplied the ground work of all subsequent lives of its author" is that entitled "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners," to which a brief "Continuation" was added, in editions published after his death, attributed to Charles Doe, a contemporary Baptist preacher. An old memoir of him, preserved in the British Museum, is supposed to have been written by a clergyman of the English church. It is entitled "An Account of Bunyan's Life and Actions, with his Elegy, printed in 1692." Extracts from this by Mr. Philip, Southey's illustrations of Bunyan's literary character, and Mr. Ivimey's additions to his biographical sketches, are the principal sources of further information. To comprise the substance of all these in a brief form, has been the object of Mr. Wickens: and we avail ourselves of his labors, by making a few such extracts from his book, as are most appropriate to our magazine.

Bedford is a flourishing town, lying in a

rich valley, on the banks of the Ouse, about fifty miles from London. It is a place of great antiquity, and has been the theatre of important events. More than a thousand years have passed away since the first building was erected on its site. It has been the scene of Saxon and Danish warfare; and its strong castle (demolished centuries ago) witnessed many a bloody siege.

But although we are accustomed to associate the town of Bedford with the name of Bunyan, he was not a native of that place, but of Elstow, a small village about a mile distant, where he was born in the year 1628. Elstow (originally Helenstowe) is a place of very ancient date. It was noted as the site of an abbey of Benedictine nuns, founded in the time of William the Conqueror, by his niece.

The Church of St. Mary, at Helenstowe, was dedicated to the holy Trinity, and St. Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, from whom the village appears to have taken name, for Dugdale calls it 'Helenstow, i. e. Helenae statio.' The tower is entirely detached from the church. The belfry is furnished with a ring of five bells, bearing severally these inscriptions:

God save our King. 1631.

Praise the Lord. 1602.

Christopher Graie made me. 1655.

VBCDEFG ABCDE HSTVW

Be yt knowne to all that doth me see
That Newcombe of Leicester made mee. 1604.

In 1821, Elstow contained 102 houses and 548 inhabitants. *Gent. Mag.* vol. xvi. pt. 2, pp. 105-7.

"Even in my childhood," he says, "the Lord did scare and affrighten me with fearful dreams, and did terrify me with fearful visions. These things, when I was but a child, but nine or ten years old, did so distress my soul, that then, in the midst of my many sports and childish vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often much cast down and afflicted in my mind therewith, yet I could not let go my sins."

"Once he dreamed he saw the face of the heavens, as it were, all on fire, the firmament cracking and shivering as with the noise of mighty thunders, and an archangel flew in the midst of heaven sounding a trumpet, and a glorious throne was seated in the east, whereon sat one in brightness like the morning star; upon which he, thinking it was the end of the world, fell upon his knees, and, with uplifted hands towards heaven, cried, 'O Lord God, have mercy upon me! what shall I do! the day of judgment is come, and I am not prepared!' when immediately he heard a voice behind him, exceeding loud, saying, 'Repent; and upon this he awoke, and found it but a dream.'

It was Bunyan's lot to fall upon troublous times. The civil war between Charles I. and the parliament broke out about the period of his life at which we have now arrived—just

as he was growing up to manhood. A youth of his bold and reckless character could not be expected to remain an idle spectator of this exciting struggle; and accordingly we find that he enlisted as a soldier, and joined the parliamentary forces, when he was only seventeen years of age.

"When I was a soldier," says he, "I, with others, were drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it; but when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room; to which, when I had consented, he took my place; and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot in the head with a musket bullet, and died."

The sole portion, besides herself, which Bunyan's wife brought to her husband was two books, "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," and "The Practice of Piety," which she inherited from her father—and which she frequently enticed her husband to read.

"Upon a day," says he, "the good providence of God called me to Bedford to work at my cailing; and in one of the streets of that town I came where there were three or four poor women sitting at a door, in the sun, talking about the things of God; and being now willing to hear their discourse, I drew near to hear what they said, (for I was now a brisk talker,) but I may say I heard but understood not, for they were far above—out of my reach. Their talk was about a new birth, the work of God in their hearts, as also how they were convinced of their miserable state by nature. They talked how God had visited their souls with his love in the Lord Jesus, and with what words and promises they had been refreshed, comforted, and supported against the temptations of the devil. Moreover, they reasoned of the suggestions and temptations of Satan in particular; and told to each other by what means they had been afflicted, and how they were borne up under his assaults. They also discoursed of their own wretchedness of heart, and of their unbelief; and did contemn, slight, and abhor their own righteousness as filthy, and insufficient to do them any good.

"And methought they spake as if joy did make them speak; they spake with such pleasantness of Scripture language, and with such appearance of grace in all they said, that they were to me as if they had found a new world; as if they were people that dwelt alone, and were not to be reckoned among their neighbors."

Bunyan began from this time to seek the company of those pious women. He could not, he tells us, stay away; and the more he went among them, the more he questioned his own state, and the more his heart was softened "under the conviction of what by Scripture they asserted."

After Bunyan had suffered some years of anxious perplexity respecting his spiritual state, he imparted his feelings and perplexities to the poor women, already mentioned, at Bedford; and they, when they had heard

his story, referred the case to Mr. Gifford, their minister.

Subsequently to this, Bunyan felt a desire to learn "the experience of some ancient godly man, who had lived hundreds of years before;" and soon after, an old copy of Luther's Commentary on the Galatians fell into his hands. It was so old, and had been so much used, that it was ready to drop to pieces if he "did but turn it over." So highly did he value the work, that, speaking of it many years after, he says, "I do prefer this book of Martin Luther upon the Galatians above all the books that ever I have seen, (excepting the Holy Bible,) as the most fit for a wounded conscience."

In 1675, he joined Mr. Gifford's church, and soon after began to speak a little in public, and was appointed, with seven others, to visit neighboring places and address religious meetings.

Bunyan continued freely to preach the gospel, without any serious interruption, for upwards of four years, when a great change took place in the nation, in consequence of the death of Cromwell, and the restoration of the royal family.

Previously to Charles' being recalled to England, he was visited in Holland by some eminent divines, whom he deceived by an affectation of sanctity, and encouraged by promises of liberality in ecclesiastical matters, so that the expectations of the people were highly raised in prospect of his return.

Sir Matthew Hale, who was then chief justice, had proposed that, before the king should be recalled, some restrictions should be placed upon his authority, by which he should be prevented from infringing the civil or religious liberties of the people; but the confidence of the parliament was such that this advice was overruled, and Charles was permitted to assume the government without any other restraint than "a few oaths, which he swallowed without scruple, and afterwards broke without remorse."

After the king was settled on the throne, he threw off the mask, and gave the lie to his former professions. The high-churchmen soon had it all their own way. Episcopacy was again established by law, and no other form of religion tolerated; and the old penal laws against dissenters were restored and enforced, and new ones enacted. In the persecution which followed, Bunyan had the honor of being one of the earliest victims.

Bunyan had engaged, in compliance with a request he had received, to preach at a place called Samsell, in Bedfordshire, on the twelfth of November; and this being known, a justice, named Wingate, issued a warrant to apprehend him, and placed a strong watch about the house in which the meeting was to be held.

The rigor of Bunyan's confinement appears to have continued about seven years. In the early part of his imprisonment, as the reader will remember, he was, through the kindness

of his jailer, permitted to be often at large, so that he frequently attended the private meetings of the society at Bedford. He was there in July, 1661, but from that time to August, 1668, his name is not found on their minutes, nor is it known that during that whole period he was ever allowed to pass the threshold of the prison.

The strictness of Bunyan's confinement appears to have been considerably abated during the last four years of its continuance; for, in 1669, 1670, and 1671, he was regularly present at the church meetings, as appears from the records, which also contain three appointments for him to visit disorderly members, in 1668.

In the eleventh year of his imprisonment, he was elected one of the pastors of the congregation at Bedford.

The precise period of Bunyan's liberation is uncertain. He was arrested in November, 1660, and from all accounts he appears to have lain in prison a little more than twelve years: his release then probably took place somewhere in the early part of 1773. His deliverance is attributed, by all cotemporary writers, to the interference of Dr. Barlow, bishop of Lincoln.

Soon after his enlargement, his congregation built him a church. The ground on which it stood was bought by subscription on the 11th of August, 1672. The original agreement for the ground is still preserved. "It is between J. Ruffhead, shoemaker, and John Bunyan, brazier, both of Bedford, for £50, lawful money."—*Philip.*

It appears, too, that from the period of his release he paid an annual visit to London, and preached among the congregations of the nonconformists. His usual place of preaching, when in London, was a meeting-house in Zoar-street, Southwark, which, however, so great was his reputation, would not contain half the people that came to hear him, if but a day's notice was given.

His language is always plain and vigorous, free from everything like art or affectation. "His style," observes Dr. Southey, "is a homespun, not a manufactured one. . . . It is a clear stream of current English—the vernacular of his age; sometimes, indeed, in its rusticity and coarseness, but always in its plainness and strength. To this natural style Bunyan is in some degree beholden for his general popularity. His language is everywhere level to the most ignorant reader, and to the meanest capacity: there is a homely reality about it; a nursery tale is not more intelligible, in its manner of relation, to a child."

A striking characteristic of his discourses, and indeed of all his writings, is his wonderful command of Scripture phraseology. He had an extraordinary acquaintance with the letter of the Bible, and an admirable facility in its use and application. Not a doctrine, warning, or exhortation, but at every turn he could illustrate or "clench it with a text."

It is not improbable that the substance of several of his works was written during his imprisonment, as the first part of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is well known to have been, though it was not published until 1677.

Of the first edition of the Pilgrim, which appeared in 1677, no copy is now known to be extant. A copy of the second is in the British Museum: it is "with additions," and was printed for Nath. Ponder, at the Peacock in the Poultry, near Cornhill, 1678." The fourth edition, also "with additions," was published in 1679, and the fifth in 1680. The earliest edition Dr. Southey was able to procure was the eighth, printed in 1682.

Bunyan's published writings amount to above sixty.

From Cist's (Cincinnati) Advertiser.

ESTILL'S DEFEAT.

One of the most remarkable pioneer fights in the history of the West, was that waged by Captain James Estill, and seventeen of his associates, on the 22d of March, 1782, with a party of Wyandot Indians, twenty-five in number. Sixty-three years have now elapsed since; yet one of the actors in that sanguinary struggle, Rev. Joseph Proctor, of Estill county, Kentucky, survived to the 2d of December last, dying in the full enjoyment of his faculties, in the 90th year of his age. His wife, the partner of his early privations and toils, and nearly as old as himself, deceased six months previously.

On the 19th March, 1782, Indian rafts, without a single person on them, were seen floating down the Kentucky river, past Boonsborough. Intelligence of this fact was immediately despatched by Col. Logan to Capt. Estill, at his station, fifteen miles from Boonsborough, and near the present site of Richmond, Kentucky, together with a force of fifteen men, who were directed to march from Lincoln county to Estill's assistance, instructing Capt. Estill, if the Indians had not appeared there, to scour the country with a reconnoitering party, as it could not be known at what point the attack would be made.

Estill lost not a moment in collecting a force to go in search of the savages, not doubting from his knowledge of the Indian character, that they designed an immediate blow at his or some of the neighboring stations. From his own and the nearest stations, he raised twenty-five men. Joseph Proctor was of the number. Whilst Capt. Estill and his men were on this expedition, the Indians suddenly appeared around his station at the dawn of day, on the 20th of March, killed and scalped Miss Innes, daughter of Capt. Innes, and took Munk, a slave of

Capt. Estill, captive. The Indians immediately and hastily retreated, in consequence of a highly exaggerated account which Munk had given them of the strength of the station, and number of fighting men in it. No sooner had the Indians commenced their retreat, than the women in the fort (the men being all absent except one of the sick list) despatched two boys, the late Gen. Samuel South and Peter Hacket, to take the trail of Capt. Estill and his men, and, overtaking them, give information of what had occurred at the fort. The boys had succeeded in coming up with Capt. Estill early on the morning of the 21st, between the mouths of Drowning creek and Red river. After a short search, Capt. Estill's party struck the trail of the retreating Indians. It was resolved at once to make pursuit, and no time was lost in doing so. Five men of the party, however, who had families in the fort, feeling uneasy for their safety, and unwilling to trust their defense to the few who remained there, returned to the fort, leaving Capt. Estill's party thirty-five in number. These pressed the pursuit of the retreating Indians as rapidly as possible, but night coming on, they encamped near the Little Mountain, at present the site of Mount Sterling. Early next morning, they put forward, being obliged to leave ten of the men behind, whose horses were too jaded to travel further. They had not proceeded far until they discovered, by fresh tracks of the Indians, that they were not far distant. They then marched in four lines until about an hour before sunset, when they discovered six of the savages helping themselves to rations from the body of a buffalo, which they had killed. The company was ordered to dismount. With the usual impetuosity of Kentuckians, some of the party fired without regarding orders, and the Indians fled. One of the party, a Mr. David Cook, who acted as ensign, exceedingly ardent and active, had proceeded in advance of the company, and seeing an Indian halt, raised his gun and fired. At the same moment another Indian crossed on the opposite side, and they were both levelled with the same shot. This occurring in view of the whole company, inspired them all with a high degree of ardor and confidence. In the mean time, the main body of the Indians had heard the alarm and returned, and the two hostile parties, exactly matched in point of numbers, having twenty-five on each side, were now face to face. The ground was highly favorable to the Indian mode of warfare; but Capt. Estill and his men, without a moment's

hesitation, boldly and fearlessly commenced an attack, and the latter as boldly (for they were picked warriors) engaged in the bloody combat. It is, however, disgraceful to relate, that, at the very onset of the action, Lieut. Miller, of Capt. Estill's party, with six men under his command, "ingloriously fled" from the field, thereby placing in jeopardy the whole of their comrades, and causing the death of many brave soldiers. Hence, Estill's party numbered eighteen, and the Wyandots twenty-five.

The flank becoming thus unprotected, Capt. Estill directed Cook, with three men, to occupy Miller's station, and repel the attack in that quarter, to which this base act of cowardice exposed to the whole party. The Ensign and his party were taking the position assigned, when one of them discovered an Indian and shot him, and the three retreated to a little eminence whence they thought greater execution could be effected with less danger to themselves, but Cook continued to advance without noticing the absence of his party until he had discharged his gun with effect, when he immediately retreated, but, after running some distance to a large tree, for the purpose of shelter in firing, he unfortunately got entangled in the tops of fallen timber, and, halting for a moment, received a ball which struck him just below the shoulder blade, and came out below his collar bone. In the mean time, on the main field of battle, at the distance of fifty yards, the fight raged with great fury, lasting one hour and three quarters. On either side wounds and death were inflicted, neither party advancing nor retreating. "Every man to his man, and every man to his tree." Capt. Estill, at this period was covered with blood from a wound received early in the action; nine of his brave companions lay dead upon the field; and four others were so disabled by their wounds, as to be unable to continue the fight. Capt. Estill's fighting men were now reduced to four. Among this number was Joseph Proctor.

Capt. Estill, the brave leader of this Spartan band, was now brought into personal conflict with a powerful and active Wyandot warrior. The conflict was for a time fierce and desperate, and keenly and anxiously watched by Proctor, with his finger on the trigger of his unerring rifle. Such, however, was the struggle between these fierce and powerful warriors, that Proctor could not shoot without greatly endangering the safety of his captain. Estill had had his right arm broken the preceding summer, in

an engagement with the Indians; and, in the conflict with the warrior on this occasion, that arm gave way, and in an instant his savage foe buried his knife in Capt. Estill's breast; but in the very same moment, the brave Proctor sent a ball from his rifle to the Wyandot's heart. The survivors then drew off as by mutual consent. Thus ended this memorable battle. It wanted nothing but the circumstance of numbers to be the most memorable in ancient or modern times. The loss of the Indians, in killed and wounded, notwithstanding the disparity of numbers after the retreat of Miller, was even greater than that of Capt. Estill.

It was afterwards ascertained by prisoners who were recaptured from the Wyandots, that seventeen of the Indians had been killed and two severely wounded. This battle was fought on the same day with the disastrous battle of the Blue Licks, March 22d, 1782. The chief who led on the Wyandots with so much desperation, fell in the action. The coolness and bravery of Proctor, during this bloody engagement, were unsurpassed; and after the battle, he brought from the field, and most of the way to the station, (a distance of 40 miles,) on his back, his wounded friend, the late brave Col. William Irvine, so favorably known in Kentucky.

In an engagement with the Indians at the Pickaway towns, on the Great Miami, Proctor killed an Indian chief. He was a brave soldier, a stranger to fear, and an ardent friend to the institutions of his country. He made three campaigns into Ohio, in defense of his country, and in suppressing Indian wars. He had fought side by side with Col. Daniel Boone, Col. Calloway, and Col. Logan.

He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, in a fort in Madison county, Ky., under the preaching of Rev. James Hawkes. He was ordained by Bishop Asbury, in Clarke county, Kentucky, in 1809. He had been a local preacher more than half a century, and an exemplary member of the Church for sixty-five years.

He was buried with military honors. The several military companies of Madison and Estill counties, with their respective officers, and more than a thousand citizens, marched in solemn procession to the grave.

Eggs and Poultry in England.—In the three years ending with 1843, upwards of 150,000,000 of eggs were imported into England, and in two years the value of foreign Poultry brought in, living and dead, was £600,000!

FOREIGN TRAVELS.

Greece in 1844; or, a Greek's Return to his Native Land—a narrative, edited by THEODORE DWIGHT, JR.

CHAPTER IX.

Visit to Eubœa continued.—Marcópolo.—Approach to Eubœa.—The Euripus.—The bridge.—Remarkable currents and tides.—Chalcis.—Antiquities.

Late in the afternoon we came in sight of a house of considerable size, in a lonely situation, where I was informed we were to stop for the night. The place had been known to the Turks, in their day, by the name of Marcopolio, which means, in Turkish, the son of Mark. The master of the house was a Greek, who had been abroad, and, from his acquaintance in foreign countries, had undertaken to introduce an improved plan of inn-keeping into that part of the country. He was so far successful, that we found the house commodious, well furnished, and well attended. Although not equal to the foreign hotels in Athens, (a thing, indeed, not reasonably to be expected,) it has the reputation of being the best country public house in Greece.

The next morning, about seven o'clock, we set off again on our journey, and travelled over a pleasant tract of country, generally level, where nothing of particular interest presented itself to view. At length we reached the borders of the sea, and travelled along the shore, where a fine bay spread northward for several miles. Opposite, and at no great distance, appeared the eastern part of Eubœa, presenting a range of mountains, which stretches far away towards the north. The nearer part seemed, at first, at such a short distance, that nothing appeared to be wanting but a bridge, of moderate length, to afford a direct passage from shore to shore. But the want of one, caused by the actual breadth of the water, (probably nearly two miles,) made it necessary to take a considerable circuit towards the left; and our ride along the curving shore, and part of the time on the very beach, occupied us the remainder of the day (four hours), till about five o'clock. At that time we found ourselves at the spot where the main land and the island approach each other most nearly. Indeed, they are almost in contact—the arm of the sea which separates them being in that place not more, I thought, than 80 feet wide, which is about the length of the bridge. This has the appearance of great antiquity. At least the foundation stones are large and worn with age; and some weather-beaten walls adjoining it look like many other antique specimens of mason work which I saw elsewhere.

On our left, and close by the end of the bridge, rose a high and steep hill, on the top of which was a fort, with the national flag flying on the walls. The appearance of the place, as well as the peculiar situation and nature of the eminence, gave me reason to

believe that here had been an important fortress in ancient times, though the present walls are said to be Venetian. We had not time to go up and examine the structure, or to enjoy the fine and extensive view from the summit. The hill is so near the bridge, as completely to command it; and not only that, but also the city at the other end of it. This place, so important in the history of the island, still retains its ancient name, Chalcis, (pronounced Halkees,) which is, as formerly, a noun of the third declension. Of course, when I wished, in speaking of the city by the way, to say of Chalcis, it was necessary for me to say "Halkédos"—to Chalcis, "Halkéde;" and when I made it the object of a verb or preposition, I must say "Halkéda." The reader should bear in mind that the modern Greeks pronounce *d* like *th* in *this*.

We passed along by the foot of the hill; and, in crossing the bridge, (which is only about twelve feet wide,) we enjoyed a fine view to the left, up the sea of Eubœa; for in that direction, as well as the other, there is a sudden expansion of the water, which extends to the north far and broad, between two ranges of lofty mountains. It is evident from that spot, at the first glance, that this must always have been, as it is now, the main and indeed the only point of frequent communication between the continent and Eubœa. Here passed the ancient Athenian armies when they approached for the conquest of the island; here they doubtless fortified themselves above the bridge; and hereby they retreated when compelled to abandon their possession, by the strength of the rising islanders, aided by their allies, or when called back by the invaders of their own city.

Spon, who crossed this bridge in 1675, describes it particularly. He says its whole length is but thirty paces, and it has a tower in the middle, under which he went, then crossing a draw between the tower and Chalcis, through which gallies pass.

A late French writer gives the distance from shore to shore as 110 feet, with a rock in the midst, and says the lions of St. Mark are still to be seen on the Venetian walls of the fortress, on the hill before mentioned. He adds, on the authority of a Jesuit, who resided there some years ago, and paid particular attention to the ebb and flow of the water through the narrow passage, that it sometimes runs at the rate of eight miles an hour. He mentions that there is a daily tide, although there is none in the Mediterranean; but the irregularity is so great, that no calculation can be made of the time of high or low water, except at the new and full moons, or of the number of risings and falls in twenty-four hours, though they sometimes, in the quarters of the moon, amount to eight and even fourteen. This phenomenon is doubtless owing to the pressure of the water into the narrow channel, which is a mere funnel, by the winds as they blow from different points and with different forces. This subject,

however, has excited the attention of curious observers long before our day; for Aristotle is said to have committed suicide, by drowning, because he was unable to account for this strange anomaly of nature.

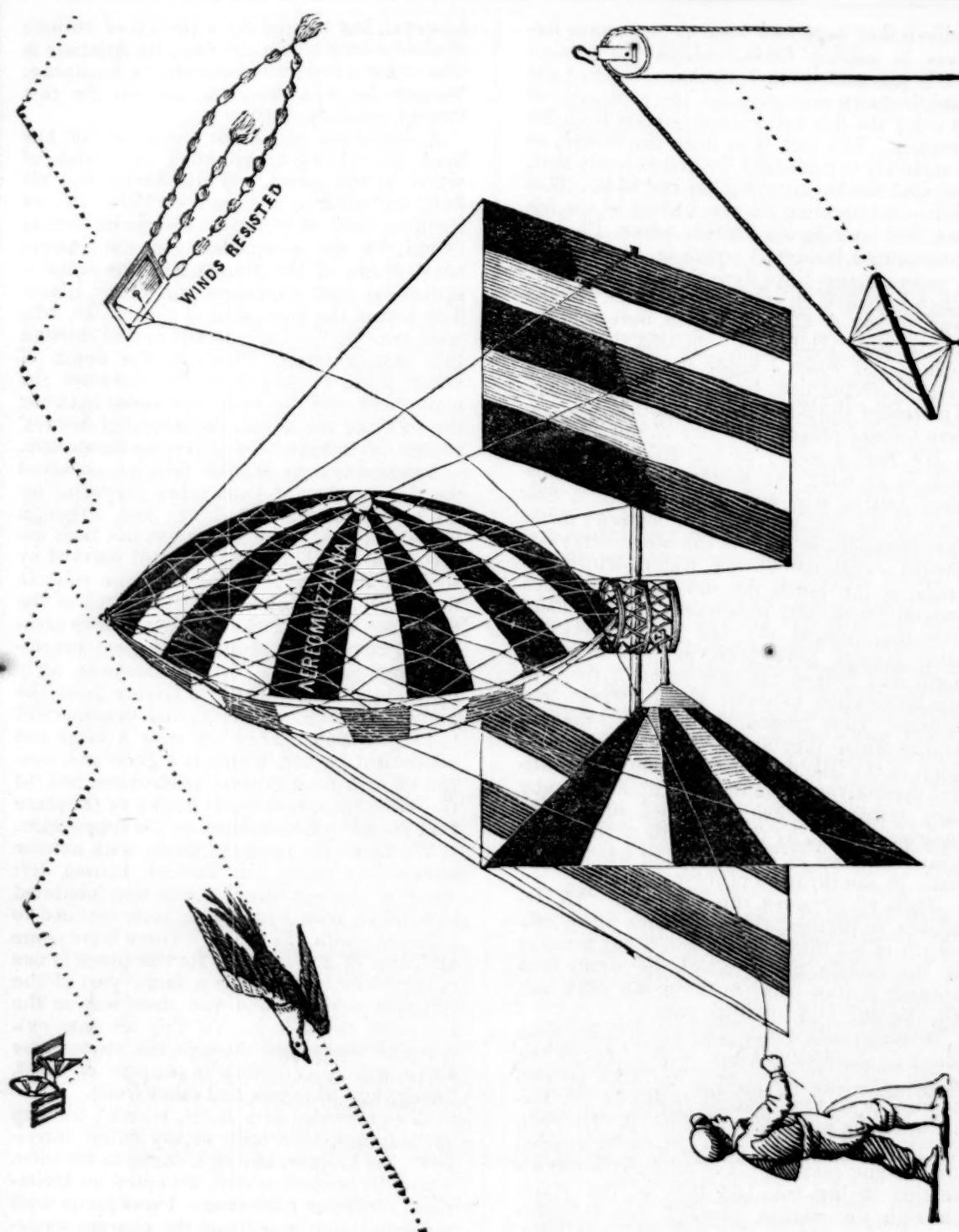
A somewhat important historical fact has been proved, by ascertaining the depth of water at this place. While Xerxes had his fleet stationed in the gulf of Volo, off the northern end of Eubœa, 480 years before Christ, he lost a squadron on the eastern coast, in one of the storms still the dread of sailors on that havenless part of the island. The rest of the fleet pursued the Greeks, who were crossing the Euripus, and passed through this narrow strait. Now, as the depth of water there is only three feet between the main land and the rock, and seven between the rock and the island, the largest of Xerxes' vessels must have been of very moderate size.

Agamemnon, as Homer tells us, collected the Grecian fleet at Antis, when preparing for the expedition against Troy; and, although the site of that ancient city has not been ascertained, it is believed to be still marked by some of the most remarkable of the ruins in the vicinity of Chalcis. A little south of the town are some of the remains I have mentioned, constructed of stones of great magnitude, and belonging to that massive style found in different parts of Greece from the highest recorded antiquity, and denominated the Cyclopæan. They are near a large and convenient harbor, which is a good one, central enough for a general rendezvous, and, at the same time, nothing is known of the place that seems to discountenance the supposition.

We found the town of Chalcis with narrow streets and many old Turkish houses, left standing through the war, and now inhabited by Greeks, who had before been confined to a suburb, with the Jews. There were some buildings of recent date; for the place is one of considerable trade, as a large part of the products of the island find their way to the continent through it. Of this we saw evidence as we passed through the streets; for there was a considerable display of wool, honey, figs, almonds, and other fruits.

We proceeded to a hotel, where I took up my lodgings, with most of my fellow travellers. My brother, having a friend in the town whom he wished to visit, accepted an invitation to lodge at his house. I was pretty well accommodated, and found the charges moderate, as my food and lodging cost but half a dollar. Having time enough for a walk after our arrival, I made a circuit of the town, and saw many remains of antiquity.

Many of the Samians, who have left our native island to take up their abode in free Greece, have congregated at Chalcis. They have been provided with land by the government, and, in connection with the fourteen families of their fellow-islanders resident in Athens, have a representative in the national congress, whose name, if I recollect, is Lycurgus.



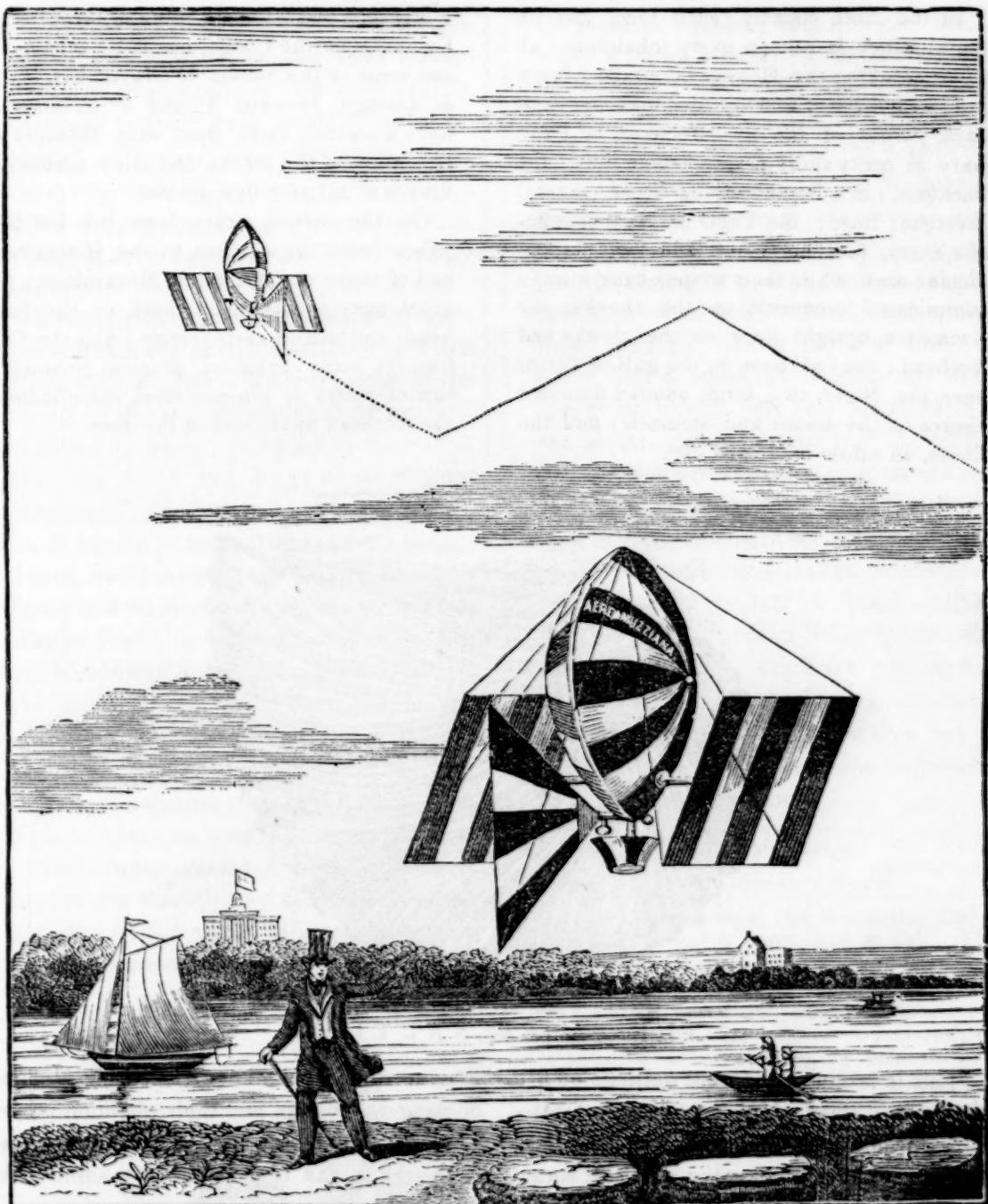
SIGNOR MUZZI'S BALLOON.
Or Ærial Navigation by Atmospheric Pressure.

We have before noticed the exhibition of Signor Muzzi's balloon, and now present our readers with pictures of it, in several different positions, with other figures to illustrate the principles on which it is constructed. We copy below some of his own remarks:

"The existence of a point of support in the air is no chimera; without a point of sup-

port, birds could not be sustained, and the direction of aerostats would be impossible."

"For many years my attention has been directed to the study of the works of eminent men who have distinguished themselves in the art of aeronautics, both as experimentalists and as writers; and after careful investigation of their productions, and having made many experiments, and constructed different models,



which have been destroyed, mended or renewed, and after minute observations of the flight of different volatiles, I succeeded finally in constructing a model on a very simple system, based on a physical law, which triumphantly solves the problem of steering aërostatic machines through atmospheric currents.

By this system, I obtained the decomposition of the ascensional and descensional vertical force of balloons independent of any such mechanical contrivances as oars, sails, wheels, spirals, or steam power.

This new system of giving a direction as desired, consists of inclined planes, so disposed as to cause the propulsion of the balloon through the air one mile per minute.

It is neither ambition nor thirst of money that prompted me to write these pages, but an ardent desire to see the advancement of a science which does not certainly deserve to become the object of ignorant speculators, or to be discouraged by any sensible man.

Let me hope, then, that among the lovers of knowledge and national honor, among those who possess pecuniary means and are able to spare a small portion for the execution of the *first aerial voyage at the will of a man*, some may be found willing to unite with the inventor; and as I have no doubt many will be so disposed, I feel confident they will communicate with the author in order to construct a large machine."

[To be concluded]

In the Mina country, each town has its mark, which is put on every inhabitant: as those speaking the Houssa language have a line, with three or four upward branches from each corner of the mouth; those of Kano have as many short perpendicular lines; the Sacatoos, (on a branch of the Niger,) several divergent lines; the Yago or Nariby, opposite them, four horizontal and four perpendicular ones, while their women have a more complicated ornament on the cheeks; the Ashantees, upright lines on the cheeks and forehead; the Calaboos, on the gulf of Benin, near the Niger, two large spotted diamond figures on the breast and stomach; and the Eboes, an arrow over each eye.

There is less tattooing south of these. The Kabindas, on the Congo, use it for ornament, and some of the Sundis or Mayombas, north of Loango, between 3° and 4° S. latitude, have a scarred mark from each shoulder to the centre of the breast, and other arabesque figures of different descriptions.

On the eastern coast, there are but two tribes from the equator to the Hottentots; and of these the Maqua or Mozambique negroes have a horse-shoe mark on the forehead, and one on each temple; and the Cafres, by some unknown process, produce a row of warts or pimples from the middle of the forehead to the end of the nose.



THE PAPER NAUTILUS.

This is one of the most delicate of all the larger sized shells; and, being also very curious and found in but few localities, it is rarely to be obtained in a perfect state. A friend, who possesses both science and taste, gave us, some time since, an interesting account of an excursion he made in the island of Minorca, to procure specimens of the Paper Nautilus. He took a walk of about four miles, to a retired cove, where, he was informed, the curious animals were most frequently found, and observed numbers lying on the shore, all of them broken. He succeeded in procuring several shells of uncommon size, from a Spanish fisherman, who was in the habit of meeting with them almost every day. Many of our

countrymen, who have visited the Mediterranean, have not had their attention particularly directed to this curious animal, although it has been peculiarly admired by many writers, even from early times.

The shell is single, or univalve, nearly in the form of a semicircle, striated over with lines or channels tending towards the spire, and so formed as to offer a deep and narrow cavity for the body of the animal. This is a mollusca, that is, one of the soft, boneless kind, like most of what we call shellfish. Not being attached to the shell, it has been supposed by many not to be its original proprietor. The Hermit Crab, of the West Indies, and the Hermit Snail of our own sea coast, so well known to natu-

r lists, are sea insects, which are produced and live without shells, and have not the power of forming them, yet they are accustomed to enter such as they find unoccupied, of proper size and shape to fit them, and to dwell in them, carrying them about as long as suits their convenience, changing from time to time to another and another.

The opinion, however, appears to gain ground, that the nautilus shell is not the production of some unknown animal at the bottom of the sea, seized upon by a naked mollusca on being thrown up by the waves, after the death and decay of its original proprietor. So thin and delicate a shell could hardly be expected to endure the action of water without the care of an intelligent and cautious steersman, such as is always found in possession of it. The shells occupied by the animals above named are usually hard and substantial, as the buccinum, trochus, &c. Yet it is difficult to account for the production of a shell by an animal not more closely connected with it than, indeed so wholly detached from it.

The Paper Nautilus, however, chiefly attracts the attention by its singular habits, so often spoken of, of sailing like a ship upon the surface of the sea.



The animal has two thin, broad, white flying members, which it spreads in the air

in pleasant weather, to catch the breeze, when it blows so gently as scarcely to ruffle the surface of the water; and at the same time trails after it a number of long, stringy arms, which seem to serve the double purpose of capturing its food and steering its course. Few objects in the animal kingdom are more striking and pleasing, than that presented by a fleet of these singular creatures, with sails spread, and gliding away together, like a covey of ducks, or more like a squadron of miniature ships. To ships, indeed, they bear so strong a resemblance, that the ancient tradition respecting them is still repeated, with an acknowledgement of its credibility, viz. that the first idea of navigation was derived from them.

We may add here, that an English lady residing at Leghorn a few years ago, took pains to procure several living specimens of the paper nautilus, which few persons have ever been able to obtain, and ascertained the fact, beyond all doubt, that they are the sole and original occupants and architects of their curious habitations.

The Red Fish.

From Erenmalm's Travels.

The Laplanders of the mountains find on the heights lakes abounding in fish. They never spread their nets without drawing in them several species of fish, but particularly of Red-fish, which they call Rod-fish.

As this species is different in Lapland from many other known elsewhere under the name of Red-fish, I shall here subjoin a description of it:

They took one in our presence; it was only nine inches long, though it sometimes may be two feet in length. This fish, in general, has the form of a trout. On each side are two broad streaks, distinct, of a dusky color, and crossing each other. The first, formed by little points, situated very near to one another, and of a dark green, commences near to the head, and proceeds along the back-bone, terminating about the middle of the tail. The second streak, commencing at the fore part of the fin, which is situated on the back, extends to below the belly, where it is of the color of a lemon: a little beyond is seen a third streak, shorter and of the same color, but not so strong. The back is dyed like that of a small marbled perch, and the belly is of a fire color, which varies in the two great divisions made on each side, by the two streaks which extend to the right and left along the body. This color is more dusky on the fore part of

the back, and clearer towards the other extremity. The edge near the head is of the same color as the back; but it becomes lighter as it approaches the fin, where the color of the pale fire changes by degrees about the navel into a yellowish color. This fish, covered with spots like the trout, also resembles it in the form of the head and the parts composing it; nevertheless, the eyes are larger and a little more elevated, the bone of the upper jaw shorter, and that of the lower longer. Above the jaw it is of a dusky green. The palate is of a blood color; it is divided into four parts—of which the first has twenty-two teeth, and each of the others twenty. The color of the fins is variable, like that of the body of the fish; they have each fourteen joints. The prickles of the back are twelve in number, very pointed, and of a dusky green; the last is double the length of the first. Those beneath the belly are of a bright yellow in front: towards the middle, of a deep brown, the first of which is singular; and towards the extremity, of a fire color: there are nine on each side.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

EDWARD AND HIS FATHER.

Watches and other Inventions.—A Thunder Storm.

"Father, who was the man who first found out how to make a watch?" said Edward, one evening.

"It is not known what was his name," replied his father. The first watch was made some hundreds of years ago, and a most important and ingenious invention it was. What do think people did before that, to keep the time?"

"I don't know, sir."

"They had hour-glasses; and the Romans used pails of water. How do you think they kept time so?"

"That I can't tell, sir."

"Well, they placed one above another, and after boring a small hole in the upper one, filled it with water, and, after once finding how long it would take to empty itself, they could always tell the time. But they had to watch it often."

"Father, a watch is a curious thing."

"Yes," said his father, "that is very true; but do you know everything about it?"

"No, sir, only that it has wheels, and they move, and it is a watch, and keeps time. That is all I know, but yet I see it is a very curious thing. But what I think of is this: how God could make a man who could make

a watch. That is wonderful to me, and it is wonderful to everybody, is it not? You may go and ask the wisest man in the world, and he could not tell you, could he?"

"No, my son, certainly he could not. We men know no more about that than you boys do."

"Father, who is the wisest man in the world; and how do people know who is?"

"They don't know exactly who is, because some are wise about one thing and some about another."

"Oh yes, sir, I understand it now. There was a man whom James's father was telling me of to-day. He was acquainted with business, but did not know much about many other things. One day he visited a college, and one of the professors showed him the laboratory, and he did not know the use of any of the things in it, nor even the meaning of the name of the room. He did not know what *laboratory* was."

"It lightened, sir," added Edward, starting.

"Why don't you count your pulse, to see how far off it is? Put your fingers on your pulse, and as soon as you see a flash, begin to count the pulsations. If you count five before you hear it thunder, it is a mile off; if ten, two miles."

"Daughter," said his mother, to a girl who was just then coming down stairs, "is it possible you are afraid of lightning?"

"Yes ma'am; I don't like to stay up stairs alone while it lightens."

"You must overcome your fears," said her father: "don't be afraid when you hear a noise which shows that God is Almighty. Don't be afraid when He makes you feel that he is near you. He is near us always, night and day; and you ought to be glad that he is. He is the right kind of Being to be near us; He is just what we want. How bad it would be if He were different from what He is—less powerful, or not so kind! What would become of us? I love to hear it thunder, because it makes me think:—Yes, God is just as strong as He says He is; and He is as wise, too, and as good. Great are thy works, Lord God Almighty! just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints!"

In the office of the London Times, hands enough are employed to set up, read and correct a large column of reading matter in *eight minutes*.

MINERALS—No. 10.

Charcoal.

This is another of the combustible or burning stones; but it is very seldom found pure. It never was, I believe, until twenty or thirty years ago, when the mines or quarries of hard coal began to be opened in Pennsylvania, and then only in small quantities. If you look carefully at a heap of Anthracite, you may now and then discover a thin layer of black powder on some piece. If it all rubs off easily, however, and leaves a shining surface, it probably is only dust of the Anthracite itself. If you find a piece of mineral charcoal, put it into your cabinet. It is easy to find common charcoal; but that is not proper for a collection of minerals, plainly because it is not a mineral, but the remains of some burnt vegetable substance.

Charcoal is black, brittle, light, takes fire easily, and soon burns away, leaving only a few ashes, which are impurities—that is, something else than charcoal. Where does it go to? That is a question that you cannot answer well, unless you understand the *theory of combustion*, as learned men call it—that is, how things are burnt up. Now it is not my business to tell you this, while I am describing minerals; but I wish to make you understand and remember three things: 1st, that there is a great deal for every person to learn, even about the most common things; 2d, that you will have no time to read mere tales and novels, as long as you live, unless you neglect something more useful and interesting; and 3d, that men who have taken pains to find out such wonders, and then published them, are deserving of respect and honor for their taste, industry, and generosity. A boy who respects learning, has already begun to be a man.

Now charcoal, as I have said before, is found in almost everything around us; and if you will learn what chemistry teaches us about its compounds, you may find a great deal of amusement in observing them, wherever you may be, even at home, in your room; for almost everthing you can touch or see is partly made of charcoal; and so are you.

In making some excavations near the mouth of Mad river, Ohio, trees were dug up which must have been buried there five hundred years or more. They have been covered with sand by a change in the channel of the river.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BEAUTIFUL EXPERIMENT.—The other day, while making some investigations on the chemical forces of plants and the circulation of the sap, we made some experiments for the purpose of seeing how far the color of flowers was dependant upon the various salts contained in the earth, and which are taken up by the forces which convey the sap.

We took a beautiful white rose, placed the stem of it in a solution of the yellow prussiate of potash, and let it remain there four or five hours. We then placed it in a solution of sulphate of iron, where it remained until morning.

On examining it the next morning, we found the petals changed to a delicate primrose color, the leaves to a dark blueish green, and the wood of the stem to a deep blue. The veins in the petals were also of a deep blue color. The fragrance of the flower remained unchanged, and it looked as fresh as one that was plucked at the same time, and which had been kept in a vase of water.

The rationale of these singular changes seems to be as follows: The prussiate of potash is taken up by capillary attraction, and distributed through every part of the plant. The same is the case with the sulphate of iron. As soon as the two solutions are brought in contact, the iron, acting as a re-agent, revives the Prussian blue, which forms the base of prussiate of potash. This beautiful experiment can be tried by any one, care being taken that the solutions are not too strong. (But they are poisonous!)

The effects noted above will not take place if the solutions are mixed in a vessel before using. The experiment may be varied by using any metallic solutions, the resulting colors of course depending upon the salts made use of.—*Cincinnati Atlas*.

The Missouri Lead Cave.—The St. Louis Republican, in reply to the statements of the Galena Gazette, which were to the effect that the Giant Cave, recently found, was likely to prove unprofitable, thus describes its present operations and prospects:

The operatives are now at work in the cave, the opening of which is about 250 feet from where the discovery was made. The cave is 75 feet in length. The ceiling is of mineral, and it is estimated that there are from 200,000 to 400,000 lbs. ore in sight. It is from 12 to 15 inches in thickness. On the floor, about the centre of the cave, as if falling from the ceiling,

there are pieces or bodies of mineral which are estimated to weigh 40,000 lbs. The Gazette intimates its want of confidence in the statements made, because nothing is said about the quantity of mineral raised. Our information is, that, within the last three months, under a very defective system of operations, an average of ten hands have been able to raise between 250,000 to 400,000 lbs.

A WONDERFUL ENGINE.—A London paper says that "a wonderful engine has lately been constructed by Professor Reina gle, who is securing patents in every civilized country of the earth. The power, which is self-produced in the engine, is obtained from condensed air, which, though easily manageable, begets an immense force: the present engine, which stands on a space not exceeding two feet square having a power equal to five hundred and sixty-eight horses. For pumping water out of mines it is gravely proposed to use a 10,000 or 20,000 horse power, in order to do the work promptly. It is stated, that, with the present small engine, two hundred and twenty tons can be propelled at a rate of twenty-five to thirty miles per hour. The description of the action of the Machine is very vague, but it is said that several very eminent and scientific men have examined it and expressed their astonishment. Professor Faraday, having seen the drawing and heard the theory and practice of this invention explained, complimented the inventor by declaring, that he has discovered perpetual motion of the most terrific description."

THE GOLD MINES AT THE SOUTH.—A letter from Mr. Gibbons, of the Branch Mint at Charlotte, N. C., published in Silliman's Journal, states that increasing quantities of gold are received at the Mint, from Mines in North Carolina and South Carolina; occasionally, also, from Georgia and Alabama. Gold bullion, to the value of \$272,000 was deposited for coinage during the last year, exceeding by nearly one hundred thousand dollars the deposits of any preceding yearly period.

LOCKJAW CURED BY ELECTRICITY.—It appears that a remedy for this horrid disease has at last been discovered. The New York Journal of Commerce records a cure by the application of electricity. The patient was a young woman, in whom the disease had been brought on by cold and fatigue, and the jaws closed for five days. The electro-galvanic apparatus was applied to both angles of the jaw, and had not made forty revolutions before the complaint was entirely removed from the patient.

Foreign Items.

According to a Brighton paper, her Majesty has set her face against the polka, and forbidden its being danced in her presence. (Much to her credit!)

Sir James Graham has sent an order to all the prisoners in the kingdom, directing that all money or property found on convicted prisoners shall, in future, be sent to the Home office, instead of being returned to the prisoners at the expiration of their sentence.

The Arabs believe that the English are not Christians entirely, but something between Christians and Mahometans.

Two of the horses recently engaged at the steeple-chase at Harrow, fell while attempting a desperate leap, broke their backs, and were shortly afterwards shot. This cruel and senseless amusement ought to be put down.

A correspondent of the Mining Journal says, that steam-boiler explosions may be prevented by the very simple plan of having a small hole drilled in the plate immediately over the fire-place, and filled with a leaden rivet, which will melt only when the water gets below the proper level. [Old.]

LAST ENGLISH PATENTS.

From the London Repository of Patent Inventions for May, 1845—(For the Am. Penny Magazine.)

Improvement in the manufacture of welded iron tubes, by moving the tubes away by a roller, as they are welded.

Improvement in the manufacture of covered buttons: to press the button into form without removal.

Improvement in the manufacture of India rubber: to make sheets, &c. for casting and moulding, and also to make leather, &c. waterproof. Gum, resins or bitumens are added, with a mineral preservative.

Improvement in carving substances for inlaying, &c.

To keep provisions by a gas and another substance.

Improvement in making crape, and a substitute.

In applying heat for steam, &c.

In nail machinery.

In making leather, recovering manganese, and in bleaching.

ANTIQUITIES AND THE ARTS.—A gentleman, writing to the editors of the New York Evening Post, from Florence, Italy, under date of the 5th of April, says:

We spent six days on the road from Rome to Florence, including nearly a whole day at the beautiful falls of Terni, and another at the interesting city of Perugia. Near Perugia I visited one of the most interesting of antiqui-

ties—a field of ancient Etruscan sepulchres, some 25 or 30 in number, and all discovered within the last six years. They were cut out of the solid rock, and found filled with large stone urns containing bones in part reduced to ashes. These urns were covered with images and ornaments resembling more Egyptian sculpture than Greek or Roman. The greater part were of what is called Terra Cotta, a sort of burned clay—fancy brickwork, we might call it. On many were inscriptions in Etruscan characters; but, although the letters of this language are known, the words are utterly unintelligible. I brought off, with the permission of the *custode*, two or three memorials, which, when I get home, I shall add to your cabinet of curiosities.

FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

French Extract.

Les Chiens des Esquimaux.

Un traîneau Esquimau est tiré par une espèce de chiens assez semblables aux loups par la forme. Comme les loups, ces chiens n'aboient pas; ils hurlent d'une voix désagréable. Ils sont entretenus par les Esquimaux en meutes ou en attelages plus ou moins considérables, proportionnellement à la richesse du maître. Ils se laissent tranquillement enharnacher et atteler, quoique traités sans pitié par les Esquimaux païens, qui leur rendent la vie dure et les nourrissent fort mal. Leur nourriture consiste en débris de viandes, en vieilles peaux, en morceaux de baleine pourris, etc., et si cette provision leur manque, on les envoie chercher eux-mêmes des poissons morts ou des coquillages sur la grève. Lorsque la faim tourmente ces pauvres chiens, il n'est rien qu'ils ne soient prêts à dévorer, et il est nécessaire, lorsqu'on les dételle, de cacher les harnais dans la maison de neige, pendant la nuit, de peur qu'ils ne deviennent leur proie, ce qui rendrait le voyage impossible le lendemain matin. Arrivés à leur hutte de nuit, les voyageurs ôtent les harnais à leurs chiens, et les laissent se creuser un trou dans la neige, où ils dorment jusqu'à ce que le conducteur les rappelle pour leur donner, au lever du jour, leur pâture quotidienne. Leur ardeur et leur vitesse sont inimaginables, même avec l'estomac vide. En les mettant au traîneau, il faut prendre garde de ne pas les atteler de front. On les attache par des courroies séparées, de longueur inégale, à une barre horizontale, en avant du traîneau. Le plus vieux et le plus habile conduit la bande, courant à dix ou vingt pas des autres, dirigé lui-même par le fouet du cocher, qui est très-long et n'est bien manié que par un Esquimau. Les autres chiens suivent comme un troupeau de moutons. Si l'un d'eux reçoit un coup de fouet, il mord généralement son voisin, qui en mord un troisième, et ainsi de suite.

A great number of miners are flocking to the Lake Superior copper mines.

Allowances to the Royal Family of Great Britain.

	Per annum.
Adelaide, The Queen Dowager,	£100,000
Albert, Prince,	30,000
Cambridge, Duke of	27,000
Cumberland, Duke of	21,000
Gloucester, Duchess of	15,958
Gloucester, Princess Sophia, of	7,000
Kent, Duchess of	30,000
Leopold, King of the Belgians,	50,000
(A considerable portion of this repaid.)	
Sophia, Princess,	15,958
Sussex, Duke of	21,000
	<hr/>
	£317,916

Only a million and a half of Dollars!

Dodd's Manual.

Receipts.

To Preserve Strawberries Whole.—Take an equal weight of fruit and double refined sugar; lay the former in a large dish, sprinkle half the latter over it, and shake the dish gently to mix them. The next day make a thin syrup of the remaining sugar, and add one pint of currant juice to every three pounds of strawberries. Put in the fruit, and simmer them until jellied.—“10,000 Receipts.”

Another.—Let the strawberries stand all night, mixed with an equal weight of fine white sugar, scald them, and, when cold, put them up in tight jars.

LITERARY NOTICE.—A new and singular magazine is announced—to be entitled “The Sheldon Magazine; or, A Genealogical List of the Sheldons in America, with Biographical and Historical Notes, and Notices of other Families with which this is intermarried: embellished with Portraits and Fac-similes.” By Rev. Henry Oleott Sheldon.

The Sheldon Magazine will be published in twelve parts, or monthly numbers, with a list of every Sheldon known in America; and, so far as practicable, names of ancestors, companions, and children, year of birth and death, or place of residence—amounting to 10,000 persons, besides companions, all of whom (except one man and his children) are now believed to be lineal descendants of three brothers, who sailed from Weymouth, England, in 1634. The remaining pages will be filled with Biographical and Historical notes, anecdotes, &c. with fine Portraits.

The New Orleans Picayune states that a scheming yankee has been selling “purely vegetable pills” through the southern country at a great rate. On undergoing an analysis they were found to be nothing more or less than common garden peas, dipped in a solution of powdered liquorice.

POETRY.

The Triad.

By W. H. C. Hosmer.

My first born! I have marked in thee
 A soul that loves to dare;
 Wild winds across a stormy sea
 Thy bark of life will bear.
 Young eaglet of the household nest,
 Turned sunward is thine eye;
 A pulse is in thy little breast
 That beats full strong and high!

I tremble when I hear thee speak
 In tones of clear command;
 Ambition's flush is on thy cheek,
 His iron in thy hand.
 Oh! guard thy ruling passion well,
 Or wrecked thy bark will be;
 Alone can Virtue ride the swell
 On Glory's troubled sea.

More bright than gift of fairy land,
 My second born, art thou!
 The breath of Heaven never fanned
 A lovelier cheek and brow:
 An angel art thou, child, sent down
 To cheer my darker hours,
 And gifted with a spell to crown
 E'en Grief's bowed head with flowers.

Daughter! (Love's most enchanting word)
 Thy voice is music's own,
 And ever like the note of bird
 Announcing winter gone.
 June gave thee birth, and in thine eye
 Her azure I behold;
 On that soft cheek her roseate dye,
 In those bright locks her gold.

My last born, if I read aright
 The language of thy glance,
 Thou hast a soul to drink delight
 From streams of old romance.
 Each nerve is delicately strung,
 And through thy little heart
 When minstrel lay is played or sung,
 Wild thrills of rapture dart.

A star, of ray benign and clear,
 Presided at thy birth,
 And filled, in slumber, is thine ear
 With music not of earth.
 Thy bolder brother's prayer will be
 To sway the fitful throng—
 Thine, gentle boy—"Enough for me
 The golden lute of song!"

Evening.

From the Louisville Journal.

'Tis eve—how beautiful the scene!
 Nature in loveliest robe arrayed!
 How mildly pale the blue serene!
 How darkly deep the forest shade!
 Her golden lamp hath night hung out
 On the fair bosom of the sky,

And spread her glittering gems about
 The rich empyreal canopy!
 Fairer than kingly coronal,
 Brighter than diamond of the mine,
 And purer than the ocean pearl,
 They beam with radiance divine!

'Tis eve!—and deepest silence reigns
 Around the haunts of vanity;
 But Nature wakes her slumbering strains,
 And Nature's voice is sweetest now.
 From every glade—from every grove
 The songsters of the day are flown;
 But Philomel, in notes of love,
 Untiring chants her song alone!
 And more entrancing far to me
 That sweet but melancholy strain,
 Than notes of proudest minstrelsy,
 Which strive to rival her in vain.

'Tis eve!—and over earth and sky
 Such beautiful repose is cast,
 So charmed—so holy—that we sigh
 Its fading glory may not last.
 This is the hour for fancy's dreams—
 Visions of well-remembered bliss!
 Oh, were not youth's illusive scenes
 As bright, as beautiful as this?
 But eve shall fade away to night,
 And deeper gloom involve the sky;
 E'en so young hope's enchanting light
 Beamed o'er our prospects but to die!

See how the silver moonbeams sleep
 Upon the breast of yonder lakes!
 While up the black and rugged steep
 The light in fuller radiance breaks!
 Where is the morning splendor flown,
 That danced upon the crystal stream?
 Where are the joys to childhood known,
 When life was an enchanted dream?
 Oh these are wrapped in gloomy night,
 Or vanished in the viewless air;
 And cold and cheerless is the light
 Of evening borrowed from afar!

VIOLA.

THE AMERICAN PENNY MAGAZINE
AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

Edited by Theodore Dwight, Jr.

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